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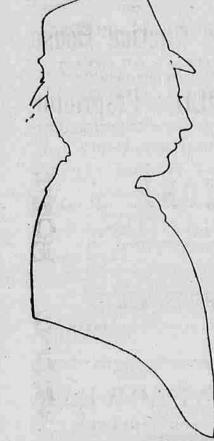
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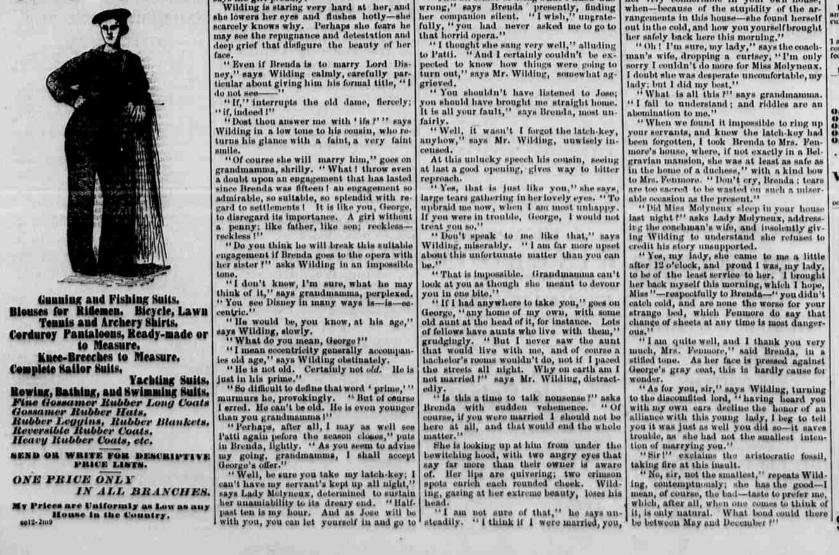
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Sporting Department.



His mother was a prince's child,

His sire a crowned king; There lacked not to his wishes wild What the broad earth could turng; Strong knees were supple at his word, Swords glimmered at his will. Brave fortune 1 but it wearled him— His spirit thirsteth still.

For him the glorious music relied of singers silent long:
The Roman and the Greetan told
Their wars of Right and Wrong:
For him philosophy inveiled
Athenian Plato's lore;
Might these not serve to stead a life?
Not those, i he sighed for more.

He need—the truest, newest lip That ever lover pressed— The queenliest mouth of all the South Long love for him confessed. Round him his children's Joyanness Rang silverly and shrill; brice happy! save that happiness

It came I the studded scepter bay, . An unregarded thing; Vetvets and gold did bravely hold The body of the king. Why! strange that Love, and Lore, and Swa

Looked ever on before,

And those pale, quiet lips of clay
Asked nothing—nothing more!
—Educa Arnold. THAT NIGHT IN JUNE.

"What a charming day, grandmanma!" says Mr. Wilding, walking into the small merning-room in Penywern Road, South Kensington, and directins a genial glance at he faded remains of what once was beauty.

the faded remains of what once was beauty, reposing in an antiquated armchair. It is a charming day. Outside the sun is beating heavily on road and house and such luckless beings as must walk abroad. The whole earth is bowing before its majesty, going humbly, and imploring with faint gasps a breath of air. Inside, the oilnds are all willed down as the state of the control of the pulled down as though to exclude it, and n the grate a fire-an actual, roaring, mad-

in the grate a fire—an actual, rearing, maddening fire—is burning.

"Charming, is it?" says grandmamma, declining to see the geniality of her visitor.

"Can nature produce a charming day in this age? I think it chilly." She is sitting with her knees well into the fire, and with the grim expression that usually greets her grandson's approach upon her withered line.

lips.
"Why not try a foot-warmer and a fur cleak!" says Mr. Wilding, furtively wiping his brow. "You don't take half care of his brow. "You don't take half care of yourself; and really during the present in-

clemency—'"
"May I ask what has brought you here to-day?" interrupts she, with an amount of ungraciousness difficult to combat. But he is accustomed to her incivility, and as Hecuba is nothing to him, and he is less to Hecuba,

sarcasm. "Concealment with you is impos-sible. Another—but, of course, a very sec-endary—motive has brought me here this

"And even if Jose were not in question

good."
"I can't say you are over civil," returns he with an insolent shrug; and then the door opens and Brenda herself enters quickly, and with an unpremeditated manner of one who auticipates an empty room. eeing George, she starts perceptibly, miles involuntarily, and blushes beauti-

ully.

She is a very pretty girl, of middle height, with large dark eyes shaded by lengthy lashes, a riante mouth, and the dearest little nose in the world. "Ha! Brenda," says grandmamma, look-

ing round—the blush and ready smile have faded by this time, and are a secret between her and her cousin—"come here."

The girl having shaken hands with George in a calm, orthodox fashion, goes up to Lady Molyneux's chair, and, standing behind her, leaned on the top of it. So standing her face is hidden from grand
"Come to Jose."

"Come to Jose."

"I have some tickets for to-night. I want

"I have some tickets for to-night. I want grandmamma to let you come hear Patti," repeats Wilding coldly.

Miss Molyneux is preparing to go into ecstacies over this news when she is stopped by a vigorous gesture of the hand and a from from her cousin. Changing her role on the spot, she says indifferently:

"I have seen Patti so often. It is good of you, George, to think of me: but really—"

"Kh!" says grandmamma, making a praiseworthy but utterly hopeless effort to turn her neck so as to see the flower-like face bending over her chair. "What is it you say? Not care? I beg, Brenda, you will not try to copy the blaze airs that distinguish and render obnoxious the youth of to-day. I think you ought to go. The tickets are bought, and I object to extravagnes. Certainly you should go, if it were not for Disney. Is it that you think he would object?" anxiously.

"I was not thinking of Lord Disney," says the girl proudly.

Wilding is staring very hard at her, and they all go to bed early," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge to bed early," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge to bed early," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge to bed early," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge to bed early," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge to bed early," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge to bed early," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge to bed early," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge to bed early," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge to be dearly," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge to be dearly," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge to be dearly," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge of the situation, "What on earth shall we do?"

It is a dark and gloomy night. The the stars are nowhere. Not a sound disturbs the silence that envelops the quiet road, except an occasional cough from Fenmore the conchman, who is waiting with the brougham to convey Wilding home, and who sits upon the box the very model of propriety, and never so much as glances in their direction.

Perhaps he is wrapt in fond dreams of days gone by when he and Mrs.

"I was not thinking of Lord Disney," says the girl proudly.
Wilding is staring very hard at her, and she lowers her eyes and flushes hotly—she scarcely knows why. Perhaps she fears he may see the repugnance and detestation and deep grief that disfigure the heauty of her face.

"Even if Brenda is to marry Lord Disney," says Wilding calmly carefully par-

do not see—"'
"If," interrupts the old dame, flercely;
"if, indeed!"

"Dost thou answer me with 'ifs ?" says Wilding in a low tone to his cousin, who re-turns his glance with a faint, a very faint

bed, for one night, without assistance. Core hates late hours." As Core, her ladyship's maid, is virtually mistress of the house, tyrannizing even over the tyrant grandmamma, every one sees the sense of this "I have forgotten nothing, not even Dis-

mamma, every one sees the sense of this remark.

"I shan't forget, dear," says Brenda, straightening Lady Molyneux's cap, which has gone somewhat awry during the heat of argument.

"Then I suppose the matter has arranged itself," says Wilding, quietly. "Good-bye, grandmamma. I shall see you to night, Brenda," holding out his haml. She gives him hers, and rises, to his eyes, luminous and glad. She does not care to conceal from him the sattsfaction that warms her heart as she dwells upon the pleasure that lies before her. Perhaps she hardly knows how dangerously sweet that pleasure is. Is it indeed Patti's or George Wilding's voice she likes best to hear? She has promised to marry Disney, and she will marry him—of course, that is quite settled. Nothing can alter that; but just now—now—for a little while out of all her life why not be happy?

And Joses will be with her. Dear Jose! Nothing can be sweeter than Jose! Once or twice before she has gone to the opera, with her and George and the beauters have a

Nothing can be sweeter than Jose! Once or twice before she has gone to the opera with her and George, and she has always been so engrossed with the music and so deaf to all other sounds, and so absolutely determined not to enter into any conversation of any sort with any one, that Brenda and George might as well have been alone.

''Yes, to-night,'' she says softly, and smiles at him again, and sends him away outwardly calm, but with a heart that curses fate and grandmamma, and above all, Lord

ate and grandmamma, and above all, Lord

sney. At the appointed hour he calls for her, and at his command, she descends the stairs beneath the gaslight, clad in her prettiest gown, with a soft blue cashmere cloak around her, and on her head the daintiest of swans her, and on her head the daintiest of swansdown hoods, from which her eyes looked out
dark and misty and loving. Her hair is
roaming at its own sweet will across her low
broad forehead, her color is somewhat heightened, altogether she looks distractingly
pretty as she steps into the night brougham,
and they drive away to Cromwell road to
take up Jose.

Alas! Jose is not to be taken up! (the expression of sorrow is all mylown), mean the

pression of sorrow is all myown;) upon the stairs, with a huge white fleecy shawl twisted round her unhappy head, she stands, "like Niobe, all tears."

red—ner manana—nas gone for a dentist to extract this flend.

"And of course it is dreadful, darling, really quite too dreadful, but you see I can't go; so George must have sole charge of you

o-night." "Grandmamma will be so angry," say:

Brenda, nervously.
"Why need she know? Grandmamma is an old bore," says Jose, with heartfelt meanis accustomed to he is less to Hecuba, is nothing to him, and he is less to Hecuba, he hardly takes it to heart.

"An overpowering desire to see you," he replies indolently, but with an admirable assumption of amiability.

"Pray share your gibes when addressing me," says the old lady, tartly. "Keep them for your unfortunate client, if you have any. Something besides a dutiful consideration for my welfare has brought you here to-day.

"You are, "If I had listened to all her crotchets and world-worn theories, a year ago, I shouldn't be married to Fred now. Ohl dear, ohl dear, will he never come! This pain is maddening. There, go away, What is it?"

"What an intelligent person you are, grandmamma," murmurs he languidly, with what is meant for enthusiasm, but ends in sarcasm. "Concealment with you is imposdentist to-morrow.

sible. Another—but, of course, a very secondary—motive has brought me here this morning. The fact is I have some atalls for the opera, and I thought perhaps Brenda might like to hear Patti again."

"And to hear her with you alone! Certainly not! Nothing of the sort," says Lady Molyneux with emphasis. "If that is your mission, George, it is unsuccessful. I shall never give my consent."

"I never dreamt you would," replies the prudent George, who had dreamt it fondly, see what awful mischief accrues from making mission, George, it is unsuccessuit. I shad never give my consent."

"I never dreamt you would," replies the prudent George, who had dreamt it fondly, nevertheless. "Josephine will come with us. You can scarcely object to trusting her with her married sister."

"Humph, Jose?" I always say Jose is only the first of the consensual continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come and see me to five the continues much longer. Go away, do. And come away and longer the continues much longer. Go away and longer the continues much longer the continues much longer. Go away and longer the continues much longer the co

The opera is charming, and Patti excels herself; but time flies and bright things fade, and soon the curtaindrops, and Spanish castles fall, and Brenda, with a sigh, places "And even if Jose were not in question why should she not come with me alone?" pursues he, his foot on the fender, his eyes on the repellent old face, so lined and seared with age and querulous discontent. "Surely a cousin may count as a brother any day."

"May it? I don't think so. I can't say

herself; but time flies and bright things herself; but time flies fli

how society may regard it in these indecent distance chimes 12. They run up the steps, days, but, in my time, one relative was never mistaken for another. Besides, there are cousins and cousins."

"And which am I?" asks he, with so much Jose's defection," says Wilding, and then

came out. I told you to remember it. Have you not got it?"

"I have not. I never brought it at all. "I have not. I never brought it at all.

I must have given it to you," desperately.
"I am sure you did not."
"Nevertheless try. Try your pockets.
Try every pocket you have," says Brenda,

niserably.
"Well, never mind," says George, "we

must only put a good face on the matter, and ring up the servants."
"Ring! You might ring until morning! You might ring until you were black in the face!" exclaims Brenda with the impatience

"Come to Jose."

"Jose has no servants' bell either, and they all go to bed early," replies Miss Molyneux, on the verge of tears.

"Good gracious," says Mr. Wilding, at last thoroughly roused to a sense of the awfulness of the situation, "what on earth shell was to?"

"a-courting," and has a secret sympathy for tickets are bought, and I object to extravagance. Certainly you should go, if it were not for Disney. Is it that you think he would object?" anxiously.

"I was not thinking of Lord Disney," says the girl proudly.

Wilding is staring very hard at her, and she lowers her eyes and flushes hotly—she scarcely knows why. Perhaps she fears he may see the repugnance and detestation and deep grief that disfigure the beauty of her face.

"Even if Brenda is to marry Lord Disney," says Wilding calmly, carefully particular about giving him his formal title," do not see—"

"If," interrupts the old dame, flercely;

"a-courting," and has a secret sympathy for the two on the doorstep.

A huge black cat, hideous as a gnome, springs from some dark corner, and with a weird yell rushes across the road and disappears down some area at the opposite side.

"This all comes of doing what I knew was wrong," says Brenda 'presently, finding her companion silent. "I wish," ungratefully, "you had near asked me to go to that herrid opera."

"I thought she sang very well," alluding to l'atti. "And I certainly couldn't be expected to know how things were going to turn out," says Mr. Wilding, somewhat agrieved.

"You should have brought me straight home.

you should have brought me straight home. It is all your fault," says Brenda, most un-

fairly.
"Well, it wasn't I forgot the latch-key, anyhow," says Mr. Wilding, unwisely in

there."
"George! George! have you forgotten?"
entreats she, shrinking from him.
"I have forgotten nothing, not even Disney," returns he, recklessly. "I knew you
don't care for that ghastly old corpse, laid
out by Poole; how could you? And I love
you darling—darling. Forgive me, Brenda;
I should not spoak to you like this and now,
and here, but it has been on my heart so
long, and—I can't help it. But, if you
will give me even the faintest encouragement, you shall never marry Disney. I
swear."
Perhaps he might have said even more,

ment, you shall never marry Disney, I swear."

Perhaps he might have said even more, but Miss Molyneux has burst into tears, and has covered her face with her hands, and is solbing quietly but bitterly.

"Don't do that, Brenda," exclaims he passionately. "I can stand anything but that. Look here," desperately, "something must be done, you know; you can't stay here all night. Wait one moment."

Rushing down the steps he touches the devouted Fenmore's elbow, and says something to him in a low tone. An earnest conversation follows. Then comes a faint sound as of silver falling upon silver, and then Welding returns to his cousin's side.

"Come," he says quietly, taking her hand, "I have arranged for you. There is no help for it, Brenda; you must do as I tell you."

Brenda, still crying silently, suffered her self to be led to the carriage, and together they enter it and drive away.

At luncheon the next day Brenda is singularly silent. Lady Molyneux has fortunately asked few questions about last night's proceedings, and Lord Disney—who is with them—disdains to seek information about anything in which Wilding has had a part. Theodore, Brenda's brother, is also Grandmamma's indifference is all that

Grandmamma's indifference is all that can be desired; Disney's sullen silence equally happy; and, in fact, all is going merry as a marriage bell, until Theodore unconsciously, but fatally, lets fall a bomb-shell that blows the blessed calm to atoms. "I say, Brenda, it was well you forgot your latch-key last night," says this misguided youth with the utmost bombomic. "I found it on the sideboard after you had left, and but for it could not have let myself in, as I have lost my own.

His sister turns very white.
"Brenda's—my latch-key, you mean,"

"It is toothache," she explains in muffled tones. That fiend among pains has laid held of her, and having her safely in his clutches, refuses to release her without a heavy fine. Fred—her husband—has gone for a deutist to extract this flend. Brenda cast an anguished glance at Theo-dore, who is—and, what is worse, looks—

distinctly puzzled.
"Explain, Brenda. You surely had it," says grandmamma in a voice that admits of no evasion. Disney, laying down his knife and fork, gazes with half-closed eyes at the embarrassed girl. "Had what, grandmamma?" asks sh

faintly, to gain time.
"What? The latch-key. Are you deaf?" says grandmamma.

Brenda is silent. Lies are at any time abcorrect to her, and now to tell one will be

seless, as her hesitation has been marked renda, speak!" says grandmamma is ful tone. "You had it with you?" an awful tone. "You had it with you?"
"Of course she had! What a fuss about nothing. It must have been my own ! ound," breaks in Theodore, lying valiantly, "I had not, grandmamma," says Brenda, bravely, but in accents hardly intelligible. "Then pray how did you come in last

night?"
"I did not come in at all," replies Brenda in an agony. "Grandmamma, listen, let me

Sprain—
But grandmamma is quite past explanaion. She has risen, and is standing with
oth her old withered hands pressed upon the table, as though to support her under this crowning horror, and is glaring at the terrified child with fierce dark eyes. "Am I to understand," she says, "that you spent last night out of my house?" 'If you would let me speak," says Brenda,

sobbing.
"Answer me, wretched girl. Were you with your sister ?"
"No. She---" "Not here, nor with your sister, but with George Wilding, I presume. Hah! Not another word! I always knew what would

ome of your intimacy with that degraded "This is all shocking—shocking;" says Lord Disney, in his slow, aggravating man-ner. "And, er"—brilliantly—"shocking! man, your cousin, having found more favor

in your sight than I have been fortunate enough to find, I beg to resign my present "And which am II" asks he, with so much careless indifference as stings her.

"You are your father's son," replies she, bitterly. "No one of the blood ever came to good."

"I can't say you are over civil," returns he with an insolent shrug; and then the

all very sad, very sad," with an elaborate bow.

"Sad—it is disgraceful. Go, girl, to your room, and stay there until I decide on what shall be done with you. My roof shall no longer cover one so lost to all sense of——"

Theodore, rising abruptly, goes to his sister's side and passes his arm around her.

"Look here, grandmamma, stop all that," he says with a frown: "It might do at the 'Duke's,' but it is out of place here, and I won't have Brenda abused."

Here some one with a grateful smile, re-Here some one, with a grateful smile, re-moves his arm from Brenda's waist, and

places his own there instead. It is George Wilding, who has entered unannounced; just a minute or two before a small, plain woman, wilding, who has entered unanimated and a minute or two before a small, plain woman, who appears, and stands unnoticed in the doorway, with a pretty swansdown cloak and hood upon her arm, that contrasts oddly with her own meaner garments.

"Who is abusing Brenda?" demands George Wilding, looking quietly upon the assembled group, yet with a curious light in his eyes that marks him dangerous in his present mood. "Who is casting even the faintest slur upon her? He shall answer to me for it."

THE WHITEST AND STRONGEST, and in every respect the most beautiful of all Minnesta finitest slur upon her? He shall answer to me for it."

He stares coldly and somewhat insolently

at Lord Disney as he speaks, and the discrete nobleman, dropping his eyeglas discrete who want any and "I've made some beastly mistake," as this year, and any and who wants know. It is all my fault," says Theodore, snow-white BREAD, with extreme contrition.

Here the plain, lithe woman in the door

way, perceiving a lull in the conversation, comes timidly forward.

"Please, Miss Molyneux, I have brought you your opera cleak," she says, "as I feared you might be wanting it again to-

feared you might be wanting it again tonight."

"Oh, thank you," says Wilding, turning
to her promptly. "Perhaps, Mrs. Fenmore,
as you are here, you will kindly tell Lady
Molyneux of all your goodness to Miss Brenda
last night. How you took her in, and made
her very comfortable in your own house,
when—because of the stupidity of the arrangements in this house—she found herself
out in the cold, and how you yourself brought
her safely back here this morning."

"Oh! I'm sure, my lady," says the coach-

her safely back here this morning."

"Oh! I'm sure, my lady," says the coachman's wife, dropping a curisey, "I'm only sorry I couldn't do more for Miss Molyneux. I doub she was desperate uncomfortable, my lady, but I did my best."

"What is all this?" says grandmamma.

"I fall to understand; and riddles are an absoningation to we?"

abomination to me."

"When we found it impossible to ring up your servants, and knew the latch-key had been forgotten, I took Brenda to Mrs. Fenmore's house, where, if not exactly in a Bel-

"Brenda," begins grandmamma, with much

"Go and put on your things, Brenda," in-rrupted George, sternly. "I shall take "Goand put on your things, Brenda," in-terrupted George, sternly. "I shall take you to your sister. Go, my love," in a fond whisper to the trembling girl, who at the word escapes gladly from the room. "You, madam, have behaved infameusly to her," goes on George, determined to carry things with a high hand. "And when you said she should never sleep another night beneath your roof you works, the truth Lose will your roof you spoke the truth. Jose will receive her, and she shall stay with her until I marry her. I will not have her heart broken. If you wish to apologize to her for this morning's conduct you can see her at Cromwell road."

OUR STOCK OF CARPETS Cromwell road."
Having made this galling suggestion, he has the good sense to beat an instant retreat.
"I must say I think you deserve every bit of it," says Theodore to his stricken grandame. "You have acted toward Brenda for the last two years like a regular old Tartar, and here's the end of it."

"Leave the room, you wicked boy," commands grandmanma in a shrill tone, and Theodore for once obliges her, more, I think, because he wishes to go than from any high "And I have always borne with that boy, and humored him in every respect," says Lady Molyneux, mopping her eyes indignantly. "To say I deserve such treatment—I!—"

"I can't help saying I agree with Theo dore," says Lord Disney, solemnly, with ag

gravating slowness.

"Bi!" says grandmamma, instantly put-ting down the handkerchief, and turning to face the enemy with renewed vigor, as she scents hostility in a fresh and unexpected unarter. goes on Disney, who is evidently not afraid of an old woman. "You have accused that charming young lady, your granddaughter, of an indiscretion she would scorn to commit. You have jumped at conclusions, and its—its execrable form, madam, to jump at con-

"Form!" says grandmamma witheringly what is it you mean by that? Is it th Luman form divine' you are mumblin bout? or is it slang you are using! If so, think it most unbecoming in any one of ou age to ape the vile manners of the presen

day."
This is a cruel shot, and the elderly beau, is spite of Poole and Hoby and Rimmel, winces perceptibly. inces perceptibly.
"You should have investigated matter before going too far." says he, somewhat de

pressed.
"So should you," retorts she; "you wer in a vast hurry, methinks, to relinquish

'I blame you for it all," returns he flercely. "Tut, man! Don't think I care for either your blame of censure," says this indomitable old dame, regarding him scornfully. "George Wilding will marry her now, and that puts a finish to it. And I'm not sure I'm not glad of it. Demanding your pardon, Disney, I begin to think he is the better man of the two." JUST RECEIVED:
SPLENDID LINE ALL-WOOL BLACK CASH-MERE, from 40 cents to \$1 per yard.
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or the two."
"Your opinion, madame, is of course indisputable," with a low bow. "But yet I
flatter myself your granddaughter was willing enough to become Lady Disney, until

"Did you ever hear of young Lochinvar?" asks grandmamma with a maddening cackle; "it reminds me somewhat of your case. And what was that George Wilding said about May and December? Ha-ha-good, very good!"
"You are an odious old woman!" says

"You are an edious old woman!" says my lord losing all patience.

"Eh!—where's your vaunted manners, Disney? Your courtly bow—your incomparable smile? I will trouble you to leave this room this instant," says she, striking her gold-headed cane upon the floor with considerable force. dore; il guaranteel; \$7.50, \$8, and \$12 per half doz COTTON GOODS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS, and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, at lowest cast prices, by "I obey you, malam, willingly—and now take my leave of it and of the house, and o

you, too, I hope, forever," returns he furi-ously, and striding up the room and through the hall, passes beyond the portals of No. 7, never to return !- Temple Bar. The gentlemen who essayed to sorenade Miss L. a few evenings since should have had "clear" throats, and their efforts would have been better appreciated. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrap is the bestremedy extant for a "thick"

or congested condition of the throat and bron chial tubes, giving instant relief. Parents should not forget that their shoe bills can be reduced one-half by purchasing for their children shoes with the A. S. T. Black Tip upon them. They wear as long as the metal, while adding to the beauty of the

Miscellancous.

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CERES. of the State is pedgod, which leading has been renew by an overwhelming popular vote, securing its fra-cities in the new constitution adopted December 2, D. 1879, with a Capital of \$1,000,000, to which it I since added a reserve fund of over \$430,000. If Grand Single Number Brawings will to

r. It came out vi COCK OF THE WALK" this year, and any and every housekeeep

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Notice-Ticketsare \$10 only. Halv \$5. Fifths \$2. Tenths \$1.

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50 PRIZES OF \$6,000 ...

100 Approximation Prizes: \$100,000 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 |

11, 279 Prizes, amounting (figure 1, 12) Prizes, amounting (figure 1, 12) Prizes (figure

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1,664 CASH PRIZES AND 1,416 PROPERTY PRIZES.

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WINSTON, of the law firm of 1, & J. Caldwell & Winston, of Louisville.

LINT OF PRIZER.

The Williard Hotel, with all | \$250,000 its furniture and fixtures. | \$250,000 its furniture and fixtures. | \$15,000 its furniture and fixtures. | \$15,000 its furniture and fixtures. | \$15,000 its furniture and \$5,000 | 10,000 its furniture and \$5,000 | 10,000 its furniture. | \$1,000 | 5,000 its furniture. | \$1,000 | 5,000 its furniture. | \$1,000 | 5,000 its furniture. | \$1,000 its furniture. |

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Five Hundred Chah Prizes, each \$19.
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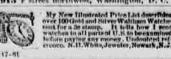
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